

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy,

Author of
"The Wings of the Morning"

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CHAPTER VIII.

PLEASE be careful. These stairs are very steep," said Constance, swinging the lantern close to her companion's feet as they climbed down the topmost flight.

"If I fall," he assured her, "you will be the chief sufferer."

"All the more reason why you should not fall. Wait here a moment. I must have a look at the hospital."

The visiting officer's room, which also served the purposes of a library and recreation room in normal times, now held fourteen injured persons, including two women, one of them a stewardess, and a little girl.

Most of the sufferers had received their wounds either in the saloon or by collision with the corral of the light-house. The worst accident was a broken arm, the most alarming a case of cerebral concussion. Other injuries consisted for the most part of cuts and bruises.

Unfortunately, when the ship struck, the surgeon had gone off to attend to an engineer whose hand was crushed as the result of some frantic lurch caused by the hurricane. Hence the doctor was lost with the first batch of victims. Enid discovered that among the few stowaways saved was a man who had gained some experience in a field hospital during the campaign in Cuba. Aided by the plain directions supplied with the medicine chest of the lighthouse, the ex-soldier orderly had done wonders already.

"All I want, miss," he explained in answer to Constance's question, "is some water and some linen for bandages. The first outfit in the chest is not half sufficient."

She rushed to return quickly with a sheet and a pair of scissors.

"Now," she said to Mr. Pyne, "if you come with me I will send you back with a pair of water."

She took him to the kitchen, where Enid, added by a sailor, pressed into service, was dispensing cocoa and biscuits. Pyne, who remained in the stairway, went off with the water and Constance's lantern. The interior of the lighthouse was utterly dark. To move without a light and with no prior knowledge of its internal arrangements was positively dangerous. All told, there were seven lamps of various sizes available. Brand had one, four were distributed throughout the apartments tenanted by the survivors of the wreck, two were retained for transit purposes, and the men slumbering in the entrance passage had no light at all.

Constance took Enid's lantern in order to discover the whereabouts of Mr. Emmett, the first officer, the tray carrying sailor offering to guide her to him.

When Pyne came back he found Enid in the dark and mistook her for Constance.

"They want some more," he cried at the door.

"Some more what?" she demanded. It was no time for elegant diction. Her heart jumped each time the sea sprang at the rock. It seemed to be so much worse in the dark.

"Water," said he.

"Dear me! I should have thought everybody would be fully satisfied in that respect."

He held up the lantern.

"Well, that's curious," he cried, "I imagined you were the other young lady. The water is needed in the hospital."

"Why didn't you say so?" she snapped, being in reality very angry with herself for her dizziness. She gave him a full pail, and he quitted her.

Constance, having delivered her father's message to Mr. Emmett, was greeted with a tart question when she re-entered the kitchen.

"Why on earth didn't you tell me that young man was attending to the injured people? Is he a doctor?"

"I think not. What happened?"

"He came for a second supply of water and nearly bit my head off."

"Oh, Enid! I am sure he did not mean anything. Didn't you recognize him? It was he who climbed the mast and flung the rope to us."

"There," said Enid, "I've gone and done it! Honestly, you know, it was I who was rude. He will think me a perfect cat."

"That isn't what people are saying," explained Mr. Pyne, whose approach was denuded by the outer noise. "There's a kind of general idea floating round that this locality is an annex of heaven, with ministering angels in attendance."

In the half light of the tiny lamps he could not see Enid's scarlet face. There was a moment's silence, and this very self possessed youth spoke again.

"The nice things we all have to tell you will keep," he said, "Would you mind letting me know in which rooms you have located the ladies?"

Constance, as major domo, gave the information asked for:

"They are in the two bedrooms overhead. Poor things! I am at my wits' end to know how to get their clothing dried. You see, Mr. Pyne, my sister and I have no spare clothes here. We only came to the rock this afternoon by the merest chance."

"That is just what was troubling me," he answered, "I am sort of interested in one of them."

"Oh," said Constance, "I do wish I could help, but, indeed, my own skirts are wringing wet."

"From what I can make out, then, my prospective step-aunt will catch a very bad cold."

The queer phrase puzzled the girls, but Constance, rarely for her, jumped at a conclusion.

"Your prospective step-aunt. You mean, perhaps, your fiancée's aunt?" she suggested.

"I don't know the lady. No, ma'am. I was right first time. Mrs. Vansittart is going to marry my uncle, so I keep an eye on her stock to that extent."

"How stupid of me!" she exclaimed, while a delighted giggle from Enid did not help to mend matters. So Constance became very stately.

"I will ask Mrs. Vansittart to come out and speak to you"—she began.

"No, no! I don't wish that. You might tell her I am all right. That is the limit. And—may I make a suggestion?"

"Pray do."

"It will help considerably if the women folk take it in turn to get into the beds or bunks. Then some of their linen could be dried at the stove. I will take charge of that part of the business if I may; otherwise some of them will die."

The girls agreed that this was a capital idea. Constance went upstairs. In the first room she inquired:

"Is Mrs. Vansittart here?"

"Yes," said a sweet but rather querulous voice.

A lady who had already appropriated the lower bunk raised herself on an elbow.

The little apartment, like every part of the building save the rooms reserved by Brand's directions, was packed almost to suffocation. This, if harmful in one respect, was beneficial in another. The mere animal warmth of so many human beings was grateful after the freezing effect of the gale on people literally soaked to the skin.

The girl, not unmoved by curiosity, held the light so that it illumined Mrs. Vansittart. A woman of forty, no matter how good looking and well preserved she may be, is in sorry plight under such conditions. Constance saw a beautiful face, deathly white and haggard, yet animated and clearly chiseled. The eyes were large and lustrous, the mouth firm, the nose and chin those of a Greek statue. Just now there were deep lines across the base of the high forehead. The thin lips, allied to a transient hawklike gleam in the prominent eyes, gave a momentary glimpse of a harsh, perhaps cruel disposition. A charming smile promptly dispelled this fleeting impression. Instantly Constance was aware of having seen Mrs. Vansittart before. So vivid was the fanciful idea that she became tongue tied.

"Do you want me?" asked the stranger, with a new interest and still smiling. Constance found herself wondering if the smile were not cultivated to hide that faintly caught suggestion of the bird of prey. But the question restored her mental poise.

"Only to say that Mr. Pyne"—she began.

"Charles—is he saved?"

Mrs. Vansittart certainly had the faculty of betraying intense interest. The girl attributed the nervous start, the quick color which tinged the white cheeks, to the natural anxiety of a woman who stood in such approximate degree of kin to the young American.

"Oh, yes," said the girl, with ready sympathy. "Don't you know that all of you owe your lives to his daring? He asked me to—to say he was all right, and—that he hoped you were not utterly collapsed."

The addendum was a kindly one. No doubt Mr. Pyne had meant her to convey such a message. Mrs. Vansittart, it was evident, had received a shock. Perhaps she was a timorous, shrinking woman, averse to the sudden stare of others.

"I know nothing," she murmured. "It was all so horrible. O God, shall I ever forget that scene in the saloon? How the people fought. They were not human. They were tigers, fierce tigers, with the howls and the baleful eyes of wild beasts."

This outburst was as unexpected as her staccato question. Constance bent over her and placed a gentle hand on her forehead.

"You must try to forget all that," she said soothingly. "Indeed, it must have been very terrible. It was dreadful enough for us, looking down at things through a mist of foam. For you—But there! You are one of the few who escaped. That is everything. God has been very good to you!"

She was stooping low and holding the lantern in her left hand.

Suddenly Mrs. Vansittart's eyes gleamed again with that lambent light so oddly at variance with her smile. The slight flush of excitement yielded to a ghostly pallor. With surprising energy she caught the girl's arm.

"Who are you?" she whispered. "Tell me, child, who are you?"

"My father is the lighthouse keeper," said Constance. "I am here quite by chance."

"But your name? What is your name?"

"Constance Brand."

"Brand did you say? And your father's name?"

"Stephen Brand. Really Mrs. Vansittart, you must try to compose yourself. You are overwrought, and—"

She was about to say "feverish." Indeed, that was a mild word. The strange glare in Mrs. Vansittart's eyes amazed her. She shrank away, but only for an instant. With a deep sigh, the lady sank back on the pillow and fainted.

Constance was then frightened beyond question. She feared that the seizure might be a serious one under the circumstances. To her great relief another woman, who could not help overhearing the conversation and witnessing its sequel, came to the rescue.

"Don't be alarmed," she said. "Mrs. Vansittart is very highly strung. She fainted in the saloon. She does not realize that Mr. Pyne not only saved her, but nearly every woman here, when the door was broken open. Now,

don't you worry, my dear. I will look after her. You have a great deal to do, I am sure."

Constance realized that the advice was good. She could not attend to one and neglect many.

Telling the women of the plan to dry their underclothing in sections, she asked them to help her by arranging matters so that their garments should be divided into lots. Then she went to the second bedroom and made the same suggestion. The case of the sufferers in the hospital required more drastic measures. The little girl she stripped with her own hands and clothed her in one of Brand's flannel shirts and a commandeered reefer jacket.

Two of Brand's spare suits and a couple of blankets enabled the two injured women, who were able to walk, to get rid of their wet garments in the crowded room beneath, and the lockers of Jackson and Bates made it possible for the men who most needed attention to be made comfortable by the invaluable hospital orderly.

Constance was kept busy flying up and down to the kitchen, while Enid, having met all immediate demands in the matter of a hot beverage and something to eat, supplemented her labors.

Pyne worked like a Trojan. As each pile of sodden garments was delivered to him he squeezed out as much water as possible with his hands and then applied himself to the task of baking them dry. He did this, too, in a very efficient way, speedily converting the kitchen into a miniature Turkish bath. At the end of an hour he had succeeded so well that more than one-half of the females were supplied with tolerably dry and warm underclothing. With their heavier garments of course nothing could be done.

Once, on the stairs, Enid detained Constance for a moment's chat.

"Mrs. Vansittart is odd," she said. Constance, so taken up was she with many errands, had forgotten the lady.

"How thoughtless of me," she cried. "Is she better?"

"Yes, but when I went in just now to give her her clothes she said to me, 'Are you the sister of the other—of Constance Brand?' It was no time for explanations, so I just said 'Yes.' She gave me such a queer look and then smiled quite pleasantly, apologizing for troubling me."

Constance laughed. "Perhaps she knew dad years ago," she said.

"What do you think Mr. Pyne said about her?"

"How can I tell? Did you speak of her to him?"

"I told him she had fainted when you delivered his message. He said, 'Guess she can faint as easy as I can fall off a house.' Isn't he funny?"

"I think he is splendid," said Constance.

The wreck was now wholly demolished. The first big wave of the retreating tide enveloped the lighthouse and snote it with thunderous malice. Screams came from the women's quarters.

"Go, Enid," said Constance. "Tell them they have nothing to fear. They must expect these things to happen for nearly two hours. Tell them what dad said. Twenty-five years, you know."

Brave hearts! What infinite penetration inspired the man who first said, "Noblesse oblige!"

Constance looked in at the kitchen. Pyne loomed through a fog of steam.

"Pay no heed to these"—she was interrupted by another mighty thump and cataract roar—"these blows of Thor's hammer," she cried.

"Play me for an anvil," he returned. She descended to the depths to reassure the men. Talking with shrill cheerfulness at each doorway was easy. It helped her to go down, down, feeling stone and iron trembling as every surge was hurled many feet above her head. At last she stood on the lowest floor. Beneath her feet was naught but granite and iron bars. Here was solidity. How grateful to know of this firm base, rooted in the very world. Her heart leaped to her mouth, but not with fear. She was proud of the lighthouse, strong in the knowledge of its majestic strength.

Nevertheless in this place, the source of her own sense of security, she found uneasiness among the men. They were all sailors in this lowest habitable region. Their preconceived ideas had been rudely reversed. The ship, the noble structure which defied the storm by yielding to its utmost fury, had for them no terrors. But the stark pillar which flinched from no assault bewildered them. It was impossible to believe that it could withstand the

strain. Ha! Listen to that. The battering ram of ocean applied to a thin shaft of stone. Surely it must be pounded into fragments.

Said one with indefinite bellow amid the black turmoil: "I can't stand this, mates."

"Up aloft for me!" cried another.

"Let's die with our eyes open, anyhow," chimed in a third.

But a light flashed in the rolling orbs of the man who was already on the stairs. Astonished, he drew back. Constance stood in their midst, a mere girl, radiant, smilingly unconcerned, addressing them in calm words broken only by the fitful noise.

"Sorry your quarters so very unpleasant. Only last a—couple of hours. Twenty-five years—for worse gains. Want anymore cocoa?"

"Thank you kindly, miss, we're quite comfortable." This from the man who wished to die with his eyes open.

"Please, miss, may we smoke?" said he who couldn't stand it.

Constance hesitated. Blithely unconscious that a whiff of mutiny had swept through the storm tossed fold, she pondered the problem. She saw no harm in it.

"Yes," she said. "Smoke by all means. I will ask my father, and if it should be dangerous I will come back and let you know. In a few hours it will be daylight and if the sea falls he will come and open the door."

By sheer inspiration she had uttered the formula destined to annihilate the necromantic bluster of the hammering waves. Open the door! So this ponderous racket was a mere tidal trick, a boggy, which each passing minute would expose more thoroughly.

"All right, miss, and God bless yer!" growled one who had not spoken hitherto. There was a chorus of approval. Constance gave a little gulp. The cultured and delicate lady lying in the bunk above had not spoken so.

"Indeed," she gasped, "God has blessed some of us this night."

Then she said, further utterance failing her.

Nearer the sky Brand tended the lamp and discussed matters with Chief Officer Emmett. The sailor, with the terse directness of his class, told how the Chinook had made an excellent voyage from New York until she ran into bad weather about 400 miles west of the Lizard.

"It seems to me," he said, "as if we dropped on to the track of that hurricane after it had curved away to the northward and that the blamed thing swooped down on us again when we were abreast of the Bishop Light."

Brand nodded. This surmise agreed with his own theory of the storm as indicated by the sea.

Mr. Emmett held out a clinched fist with thumb jerked toward the reef.

"I wouldn't breathe a word if he wasn't gone," he said, "but the old man was driving her too hard. I knew it, and the chief knew it"—he meant the chief engineer—"but he wouldn't listen to either me or me. Fact is, he was fair crazy to set up a new record for the boat. She's been crossin' the Atlantic forty times a year for upward of twenty years, and the recent alterations, although they added fifty feet to her length, only increased her engine power in proportion."

"You surprise me," broke in Brand. "You speak as if the Chinook were nearly as old as this lighthouse, yet I have never even heard her name before."

"You know her well enough all the same," said the other ruefully. "This is her maiden voyage since she was altered, and they rechristened her, too—always an unlucky thing to do, I say. Bless your heart, man, she is the old Princess Royal. Eh? What's that?"

He guffawed mournfully at Brand's involuntary exclamation.

"Certain! Well, surely I ought to know. I have piloted most of my service with the company in her, and when I took a crew to Cramp's to navigate her to New York after she was smartened up I little imagined I would see her laid by forever the next time we saw the lights of old England. My goodness, even what was left of the old girl ought to know her way better than that."

"But what did really happen?"

"Driven! I tell you—driven! her full pelt to land the masts at Southampton twelve hours ahead of schedule. With that awful sea lifting her and a shaft twenty feet longer, what could you expect? Poor Perkins! A rare hard worker too. Now he's gone down with his ship and over 200 passengers and crew."

"Judging by the number saved I feared that more were lost."

"It's the off season, you know. The passenger list was light. For the Lord's sake, think of what it might have been in May or June!"

"It is bad enough as it is. All has ended with the disappearance of the vessel."

The sailor shot a sharp glance at Brand.

"You can't be thinkin' any one was to blame"—he commenced. But Brand waved aside the fancied imputation.

"Blame!" he said. "With a broken shaft! In that whirlwind! No, no. I sent for you to talk over the new difficulty which has to be faced. There are food, water and fuel here for three men for two months. If you do a little sum you will find that the available stores on the basis of full rations will maintain eighty-one people for two days and a quarter."

"But we're only six miles from the mainland," Mr. Emmett had not yet grasped the true meaning of the figures.

"I have been here more than once for six weeks at a stretch, when, for all the assistance we could receive, we might as well have been within the arctic circle."

Again the sailor jerked his thumb toward the reef.

"Is it as bad as all that?" he queried anxiously.

"Yes."

"But six weeks! Good Lord!" Mr. Emmett had done the little sum.

"That is exceptional. A week is the average, unless the unexpected happens, after a gale like this. And a week will test our endurance to the limit."

Mr. Emmett whistled softly. A grisly phantom was creeping at him. He shivered, and not from cold.

"By Jove!" he said. "What's to be done?"

"In the first place you must help me to maintain iron discipline. To leave the rock today or tomorrow will be an absolute impossibility. On the next day, with luck and a steady moderation of the weather, we may devise some desperate means of landing all the active men or getting fresh supplies. That is in the hands of Providence. I want you to warn your officers and others whom you can trust, either sailors or civilians. Better arrange three watches. My daughters will have charge of the stores. By going through the lists in the storeroom I can portion out the rations for six

days. I think we had better fix on that minimum."

"Of course I will back you up in every way," said Mr. Emmett, who felt chillier at this moment than at any time during the night. "I know you are acting wisely, but I admit I am scared at the thought of what may happen—if those days pass and no help is available."

Brand knew what would happen and it was hard to lock the secret in his heart. He alone must live. That was essential, the one thing carved in stone upon the tablet of his brain, a thing to be fought out behind barred door, revolver in hand.

Whatever else took place, if men and women, perhaps his own sweet girls, were dying of thirst and starvation, the light must shine at night over its allotted span of the slumbering sea. There on the little table beside him lay the volume of rules and regulations. What did it say?

"The keepers, both principal and assistant, are enjoined never to allow any interests, whether private or otherwise, to interfere with the discharge of their public duties, the importance of which to the safety of navigation cannot be overrated."

There was no ambiguity in the words, no halting sentence which opened a way for a man to plead, "I thought it best." Those who framed the rule meant what they said. No man could bend the steel of their intent.

To end the torturable strain of his thoughts Stephen Brand forced his lips to a thin smile and his voice to say harshly:

"If the worst comes to the worst, there are more than 3,000 gallons of colza oil in store. That should maintain life. It is a vegetable oil."

Then Constance thrust her glowing face into the lighted area.

"Dad," she cried cheerfully, "the men wish to know if they may smoke. Poor fellows! They are so miserable, so cold and damp and dreary down there. Please say 'Yes.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Wise Girl.

Now, there was a certain girl, and she had three wooers. The first wooer said she was the whole world to him, but she frowned upon his suit. The second wooer said she was the sun, moon and stars to him, but she bade him be on his way.

"To me," said the third, "you are a young woman of agreeable manners, with eyes that might be a little bluer, with a nose that is a wee bit puggy and with a few freckles and an annoying habit of blurring out your thoughts."

She married the third wooer. Being pressed for an explanation of her conduct, she said:

"My goodness! I think I was sensible. I married the only one that had courage enough to tell me of my faults before marriage, instead of waiting to throw them up to me afterward."—Life.

Slashing of Salads.

Too many people who are well bred in nearly every other respect are guilty of the solecism—to call it by the mildest name—of cutting up their salad on the plate. Of course salad has sometimes to be reduced to lower dimensions, so to speak, but it need not be done by the wholesale or quite in the businesslike fashion practiced by some. Grasping a knife in one hand and a fork in the other, they slash away at the inoffensive green stuff with a vigor and a noise of a miniature moving machine until the bruised leaves are converted into shreds of their former selves. There is common sense in the convention that prohibits such a course. Nearly all green salads are broken into pieces of convenient size before sending to the table. Even when these are too large the leaf should be quietly divided with a fork.

Famous Boys.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, enamel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Monkeys Have No Fleas.

It is curious that monkeys should be thought to be infested with what naturalists call the Pulex irritans and what ordinary people know as the flea. As every zoologist is aware, monkeys have neither fleas nor any other parasite whatsoever, in which of course they differ vastly from man. As a matter of fact, when monkeys begin to pick each other about in the friendly way we have all observed they merely detach bits of hardened sebaceous matter which has been excreted by the glands, and the flea idea is entirely fabulous.

Her Sun Spots.

Sir Robert Ball on one occasion, after delivering a lecture on "Sun Spots and Solar Chemistry," met a young lady who expressed her regret that she had missed hearing him on the previous evening. "Well, you see," he said, "I don't know that it would have interested you particularly, as it was all about sun spots." "Why," she replied, "it would have interested me extremely, for I have been a martyr to freckles all my life."

Two Epitaphs.

An epitaph from a cemetery in Bridgeton, Me.:

She was—words are too feeble to tell what. Think what a wife should be: She was all that.

This from Bar Harbor, Me.:

I reach my arms out fondly, But they clasp the open air. There is nothing of my darling But the shoes he used to wear.

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The doctors began to say I would never use it again.

Others advised amputating my leg to prevent gangrene from setting in.

One day I read of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I bought a bottle and commenced taking it.

And I surely believe if I had not taken Favorite Remedy I would not be alive today. My leg healed up entirely and I am now well and strong.

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Her Masterpiece

By MATIE K. NAWN

Copyright, 1901, by Ruby Douglas

Coming through the hall Fred Dickson stopped to examine the long envelope lying on the hall rack. In one corner was printed "Barber's Publishing Company." He smiled in brotherly derision.

"Oh, Marge," he called. "I guess this is your manuscript. Back from Barber's," he added maliciously.

Marge went to the door of her room and called down irritably:

"Well, you needn't publish it!"

"No; it would be better if they did," flung back her brother.

"It's funny," he mused, "but the things you don't want published are always getting into print, and the things you want to see in print end up in the 'masterpiece' trunk." This in reference to an old box in which his sister was wont to deposit her effusions after they had gone the rounds.

Marge came downstairs, digging her heels viciously into the carpet at each step.

"Where is it?" she asked.

With an obvious desire to be as annoying as possible her brother replied:

"Where's what?"

Marge treated him to an eloquent silence. Suddenly she spied the envelope and pounced upon it. Then she flung into the sitting room and dropped angrily down on the rug before the fire.

For half an hour she sat there, reading and tossing aside the pages. The loud ticking of the clock on the mantelpiece sounded with increasing monotony through the long, conscientious period. Finally she sighed:

"It wasn't any good," she confided to herself. "It was too long and too prosy, and the idea was old. Still," she added in self justification, "I've seen just as bad stuff as that published."

Her mother entered the room. Marge looked up at her with gloved eyes.

"It came back," she said in explanation of the pile of paper at her side.

"And they'll keep coming back as long as I stay here. I'm tired of the city. If I could get away into the country where I could be absolutely alone day in and day out I could collect my thoughts."

Her brother chuckled irreverently.

"I could collect my thoughts," she repeated. "My brain is just seething with ideas, but the moment I begin to write somebody interrupts, and when I get back to my work the inspiration is gone. And I'm elbow to elbow with the everlasting economies we're forced to practice. It's always material things that receive the first consideration—it's the coal or the gas or something all the time. If I could get out into the country for a couple of months, for a month even, where nobody knew me, where there was nothing to remind me of the interest and the water taxes, where I could feel for once in my life that writing was a recreation and not a grind, I could write a story that would be worth while. I know I could."

Mrs. Dickson stood silent during her daughter's tirade. The look of sympathetic understanding in her eyes gave place to a harmonious twinkle. "Marge is very young," she reflected, "and she certainly was never meant to be a writer."

Marge had been a stenographer to a successful author, but had lately resigned her position, electing to support herself and keep the family in luxury by writing. Mr. Bergen wrote little stories without beginning or end, for which he received fabulous checks. It was easy. She could do it too. She had "written," but her stories had all come back, and now she demanded to go away.

Mrs. Dickson sighed. "You were such a good stenographer," she said, but stopped abruptly at sight of her daughter's face. She took refuge under cover of the "previous question."

"I don't see how we can manage it, dear," she said gently. "There are so many bills to be met and soon the insurance money falls due. We might let that stand for a month or so," she said, avoiding her son's eyes.

"We can't do that," he said with asperity. "Marge can write here as well as in the country. She rattles on about the 'artistic temperament' and its 'requirements' and all such nonsense. I've heard her at it time and again. Now, I don't know anything about the 'artistic temperament' and I don't want to, but up to date I've furnished the 'requirements' and the 'environment,' and that is where the 'artistic temperament' has got to sit up and take notice. As far as I can see, the 'artistic temperament' is a constitutional inability to turn brains into money. If Marge had had any sense she would have stuck to her typewriting and stenography. She was a good stenographer."

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"And," her brother went on, "it isn't too late yet. You can write your 'masterpieces' on the side," he added humorously. "Tell you what, Marge, you continued more gently, 'why don't you come to work for a couple of months and save enough for this trip?'"

Mrs. Dickson brightened at the suggestion.

"But I've lost my speed," said Marge disconsolately.

There was a moment's dead silence. Then her brother strode out of the room and slammed the door.

"Don't mind him, dear," said her mother. "Men are all like that."

Shortly after lunch next day the bell rang and Mrs. Dickson opened the door. A small boy confronted her.

"They're a telephone for Miss Dickson at the drug store. She's to call her brother up," he said and was gone.

"Marge, oh, Marge!" called Mrs. Dickson.

"Yes, mother?"

"You're to call Fred up at once. The boy just came with the message."

Marge came downstairs and took her hat from the rack.

"I wonder what he wants," she said and left the house.

Fifteen minutes later she returned, breathless. "Fred met Mr. Roberts at lunch, and he told Fred he was in an awful fix. His stenographer had been taken very ill and had gone home, and he asked Fred if he knew a good girl who could substitute until she was well. Fred told him I would help him out, and it's \$18 a week," she finished excitedly.

Her mother sighed, but there was a contradictory twinkle in her eyes. "It's too bad you haven't kept up your speed. Of course you won't be able to take the position," said her mother.

"Won't it? I guess I will! He wants me right away. It's the Mr. Roberts," said Marge loudly.

Mrs. Dickson smiled. "And you can go to the country now, dearie," she suggested.

"Yes, if his stenographer only stays ill long enough—poor girl," she amended, feeling that her remark was more human than humane.

For a month Mr. Roberts' stenographer lay ill. When she came back, late in May, Marge packed her trunk and went into the country to "write her masterpiece."

Her letters home were frequent. In one she wrote:

"The country is glorious at this time of year. It grows lovelier each day. This morning as I sat beneath a fine old maple tree awaiting inspiration I was startled by a familiar voice, and who do you think it was? Mr. Roberts. He said he was city tired and wanted a whiff of pure country air. He doesn't know how long he'll stay. He says it all depends. I find him very congenial, although he laughs at the idea of women wanting a career. . . . I intended working this afternoon, but he has asked me to take a walk, so I shall have to postpone work until to-morrow."

Her letters glowed with accounts of pleasure trips taken with "Mr. Roberts," but only in the first was there any mention of work.

Mrs. Dickson remarked this to her son.

"Don't worry, mother," he said knowingly. "The kid'll come around all right. She's the writing bee in her bonnet, and she's strong some, too, but a sting isn't fatal, and the treatment she's taking now will effect a permanent cure."

His mother sighed.

"She was such a good stenographer," she said ruefully.

Two weeks later Marge came home, rosy and bright, with a new happy light in her eyes.

"The vacation has done you good, dear," said her mother. "I have never seen you looking better or happier," she added reflectively.

"Did you do any writing, dear?"

"Yes, read us what you've written, sis," said Fred.

"I—I—well, it isn't—in shape yet to be read," replied Marge nervously.

Fred winked at his mother.

"But can't you give us some idea of it?" he persisted teasingly.

In the evening the "city tired Roberts" called. Marge met him at the door. His first words were, "Have you told them, dear?"

Marge hesitated.

"Oh, Billy, I couldn't!" she said at last. "I tried to, but Fred was horrid and teased me about my 'masterpiece,' and mother thought I had been working all the time I was away, and I couldn't tell them then. You do it, Billy," she said imploringly.

And Billy did.

Parentage of a Famous Joke.

Two attempts have been made by a contemporary to trace to its source a well known law conic joke. The first credited Sir Frank Lockwood with the jest; the second made the then Mr. Henry Hawkins its father. As a fact, the joke seems to have originated with the first Lord Chelmsford, then Frederick Thesiger. Sir Cresswell Cresswell was trying a case in which the name of a vessel was frequently introduced. When mentioned by Sergeant Channell, who was deficient in store of aspirates, the vessel was the Ellen; when alluded to by Thesiger she was the Helen. "Stop!" cried Cresswell presently. "I have got on my notes the Ellen and the Helen. Which is it?" In his blandest tone Thesiger replied, "Oh, my lad, the vessel was christened the Helen, but she lost her b in the chops of the channel." The joke will be remembered against the victim long after other records of him are forgotten, which makes it worth while to note that the only education he ever received was at a poor private school, but that he raised himself to the bench by industry which would be the death of most men.—St. James' Gazette.

Past and Present.

"I don't want to catch none of my darters smokin' them punk cigarettes," declared the horny handed son of toll.

"Your sentiments do you credit, sir," said the elderly barterer from the city.

"No, sir. A pipe wuz good enough fer their maw, an' a pipe has gotter be good enough fer them."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Answer Handy.

This is only worth the telling, writes a correspondent, because it contains a retort which, though a triumph of inconsequence, seems to me quite unanswerable. I happened to be reading some obvious newspaper proofs in a train when the good natured man next to me, with the intention no doubt of making himself agreeable, asked, "Ah, are you connected with the press?" I intimated briefly and perhaps not over-courteously that it was none of his business. He persisted that it was a quite civil inquiry, which I met with the remark that I had not asked him whether he was a clerk or a shop assistant. As he was obviously neither, this nettled him. "If I knew," he said, "what newspaper you belong to I would never buy it again."—London Chronicle.

A Sailor on Sea Pictures.

"I'll take a sailor along with me the next time I buy a marine painting," said a millionaire. "I bought two pictures last month, and yesterday my old friend Captain Salthorse had a look at them."

"Salthorse said:

"In this first picture we've got a trading schooner in charge of a tug towing away from a rock bound coast through a fearful jumble of sea. The schooner's mast is gone, and all sails are lowered except her staysail, which is kept hoisted, though she is towing head on to the gale. Why that hoisted staysail? All hands, I suppose, are drunk."

"In the second picture," continued Captain Salthorse, "the principal boat, an eighteen footer, is racing, yet has no flag flying. That's as incorrect as it would be for you to go to a dinner party minus a shirt. The crew of this boat are getting in the spinaker, and if they lower away, both spinaker and boom will be in the water, for they have neglected to let the boom go forward. But I know what the trouble is with them. They, too, are drunk."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Utters to the Earl.

There is a well known English bishop who writes a very bad hand. This bad hand caused a sad error to happen some years ago. A young clergyman had written to the bishop to inquire about a vacant curacy, and the reply that the young man got informed him that the salary was small and the work difficult. But there was one mitigating circumstance. The incumbent, among his other duties, would visit the earl every morning and spend two hours there. The curate would have rejected the post but for the daily visit to the earl. That attracted him. There would, no doubt, he told himself, be many fashionable dinners to which he would naturally be invited. He would make many friends among the rich and powerful. These friends would be able to help him in his career. The earl, perhaps, had daughters. One of them—who knows?—stranger things had happened. And so the curate accepted the difficult and poorly paid curacy to discover on his first visit to the town that he had misread the bishop's letter and that his daily two hours' visit was not to the earl, but to the jail.

The Fields of Peace.

It was the belief of the ancient Egyptians, according to a recent writer, that everything material and immaterial had its immortal double. Out of this grew the idea of a life in the future state of perfect happiness in the "fields of peace." For a long time the common people regarded these "fields of peace" not as a celestial place, but as situated in the fertile and well watered regions of the Nile delta in the northwest of Egypt, where the blessed ever breathed the cool north wind. Here they lived an ideal form of their life upon earth. They plowed their fields and grew the grain which supplied them with the "bread which grew not stale and beer that never became sour." Here was situated the duplicate of their earthly towns or villages.

Portuguese Bullfights.

At Portuguese bullfights not only are the points of the bulls' horns sawed off, but the stumps that remain are carefully padded. The horses also are ridden with consummate skill, and every precaution is taken to prevent the bull touching them. Banderillas are used by the men on foot and on horseback and are planted in the neck of the bull, which irritates the bull, but cannot be described as torture. Just as much skill is shown as in a Spanish bullfight, and there may be just as beautiful a display of costumes, but there is no killing either of the bull or of the horses.

A Woman's Revenge.

It is perfectly incomprehensible how man can go on wearing the clothes he does—how he can balance on his head a huge black bag pot with a ledge to it, increase his limbs in long, tight sacks of dingy hue and wear round his manly throat something resembling a shining metal band. Every new fashion for man that comes out appears to me uglier than the last.—Sylvester in M. A. P.

A Volcano Death.

Asama is a volcano in Japan. A young man of that country grew despondent the other day and threw himself into the crater, leaving this letter: "Suffering a feeling of despair I impels me to throw myself into the crater of vehement Asama, thus whining a splendid death and ascending the mountain's smoke to a lofty life above the sky."

Unslaked Lime.

Unslaked lime is useful in preventing rust because of its extraordinary capacity for absorbing moisture. Some careful workmen who take pains that their tools shall always be in the best condition make a practice of keeping a piece of lime in their tool boxes to absorb any moisture which might otherwise cause rust.

Two Types of Biographical Writing.

It is an interesting fact in the history of literary genres that two of the great examples of biographical writing occur almost side by side. Less than a decade separates

Established by Franklin in 1784.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
Home Telephone 1040

Saturday, August 11, 1906.

It is said that some parts of New England are suffering for lack of rain. Newport and the country adjacent are not in that list.

This can now be said to be the height of the season at Newport as at all of the summer resorts along the New England Coast. With good weather from now on good business should be done.

The Democrats of New York are not happy. The spectre of Hearst stares them in the face at every move. He is capturing many delegates and will be an important factor in the coming convention. It is ten chances to one that he will win out.

It is announced from Washington that the American sailor-man is proved by the records to be a better marksmen than the British. Our Navy today is establishing a new record in excellent Great Britain in this, merely maintaining the traditions of the service.

Bryan will in all probability be the Democratic leader in 1908. Everything points that way at present. He has fostered his bloom in good shape. He has been out of the country for months and his home coming is to be made the occasion of a great demonstration and the public announcement officially of his acceptance of the nomination for the third time. If he keeps on he may be as much of a perennial candidate as was Henry Clay in the days of long ago.

Major-General MacArthur, who was sent out by the President eighteen months ago to see what proved to be the closing events of the war between Japan and Russia, has just arrived at San Francisco. He was with General Oku, the new chief of the Japanese general staff, when the latter broke into the Russian right, just northwest of Mukden. General MacArthur comes home with the old story about Japanese military skill in the highest terms of praise.

A young man by the name of Winston Churchill, an author of some repute, is amusing the farmers of New Hampshire by making speeches over the State advocating himself for Governor of the old Granite State. He is a good talker and his attacks on the Boston & Maine railroad make interesting matter for his hearers, but when it comes to votes the young author will find that the other fellow has them. Mr. Churchill will hardly reach the governorship goal this year. No man can expect success outside of party lines in that State.

The Democrats of this State are going to hold their State and Congressional conventions on October 2d, so as to give ample time for Dr. Garvin & Co., to distribute their hot air over the State. In other words they propose to go up and down the length and breadth of Rhode Island, and through the by-ways and hedges telling the people far and near how wicked the people of the State are and that the only thing that will save us from perdition is to elect Democrats to office. In other words they are out and want to get in. They don't care how they get there so long as they succeed. Well, it looks as though they would be "out" some time longer to say the least.

Regarding it as a pretty sure thing that the Democrats will nominate Colonel Bryan two years from now, the Philadelphia Press suggests that the Republicans will find it highly expedient—not to say vitally necessary—to put up a first-class man against him. They will be taking unwise risks, in the Philadelphia paper's judgment, if they do not provide themselves with a candidate who represents the Roosevelt policies and has the Roosevelt qualities—force, personality, and character. The range of choice is not great, adds the esteemed contemporary; and therein it commits a grave error, for there are numerous names that can be mentioned, any of which would fill the bill. The Republican party has a plethora of good men. There will be no trouble in picking out the right one when the time comes.

A Loud Protest.

Sixty or more members of the Republican Pioneers' Club of Providence have entered formal protest against the Goddard Campaign Committee attaching Abraham Lincoln's name to their ballots and party slogan in the coming senatorial campaign. The action was branded as a misleading attempt to attract votes for the Democratic organization and an unwarranted use of the martyred President's name for partisan purposes. The meeting at which this protest was made was attended by men grown gray in the service and ranks of the Republican party who cast their ballots for Lincoln for Chief Executive in the troublous times before the war. It is nothing more than rank highway robbery this taking the name of the great Lincoln to further the ends of the Democratic party. The Southern Confederates and rebel soldiers have as much right to the name as have the party in the North that sympathized with the Southern cause in the days of '61.

With the Yachts.

The fleet of the New York Yacht Club arrived in Newport on their annual cruise last Monday afternoon. There was an unusually large number of vessels in the fleet and when they had all arrived and dropped their anchors the harbor appeared to be decidedly full. As soon as the harbor was reached many of the yachtsmen hastened ashore and their presence here was very noticeable. The carriage drivers found plenty to do and the larger grocery and provision stores on Thames street were kept busy until a late hour in the evening. The fleet was not illuminated Monday night but anchor lights served to give a slight touch of color to the harbor.

On Tuesday occurred the race for the Astor cups over the Block Island course. The weather was very pleasant but unfortunately the wind was conspicuous by its absence and the race degenerated into a drifting match. Luck was the principal factor in selecting the winners and it was not until nearly dark that the first of the contestants crossed the finish line. Had there been a time limit there would have been no race.

There were two classes, one for schooners for prizes valued at \$1000 and one for the sloops for prizes valued at \$500. There were twenty starters, an unusually large number, giving promise of an interesting race had there been more wind. The Elmira won the schooner class with the Queen a good second. In the sloop class the Humana was the winner, and the Weelmae second.

Wednesday was the date for the first race for the King's cup, offered by King Edward of England to be competed for by the vessels of the New York Yacht Club. The rain in the morning gave promise of a very disagreeable day but as it turned out it was not so very bad after all. There was a fresh breeze from the eastward when the racing craft started out and there was plenty of wind over the entire course. A number of steam yachts followed the racers but the sailing craft mostly stayed in the harbor. There were many persons who wished to follow the race but were unable to find steamers to carry them.

Wednesday evening there was a partial illumination of the yachts at anchor but by no means the general illumination common to festive nights of former years. Four or five yachts were outlined with electric lights but that was all. Wednesday morning the fleet sailed to the eastward on a continuance of their cruise, returning to Newport on Friday. As usual all the yachts did not make the trip to the eastward but many remained in Newport Harbor to await the return of the fleet.

Gypsy Moth Expert.

The fight for the extermination of the gypsy and brown tail moths in this State is being carried on with vigor. At the present time the work is under government direction. Dexter M. Rogers, who was instrumental in transferring the State moth force over to the national payroll, is in charge of the activity in New England, as the special agent of Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the National Bureau of Entomology, to whom has been intrusted the work of inspecting and directing the crusade in New England including this State.

Dr. Howard has announced that he will spend next week in New England, coming on a tour of inspection of the work which has been done thus far toward achieving the purpose of the crusade—the complete extermination of the gypsy and brown-tail moth pest. He will come to Providence Thursday morning and while there will confer with Prof. Stone, the State moth commissioner, and Dexter M. Rogers, as to the progress of the work in this State by the United States government employees.

Dr. Howard is anxious to do everything in his power to give assistance to the New England States in the moth campaign, but because of the late hour at which the national appropriation for the work was made available, the work of the men under his department will not be noticeable this season. With the fall and winter work of both the State and national forces, aided in every possible way by the people in this section, next summer there will undoubtedly be a most noticeable difference in conditions here, from a moth standpoint. Thus far these pests have not reached this island but they are liable to make their advent any time.

A Double Funeral.

The bodies of the man and woman found in the bay on Friday of last week were identified as those of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Anthony who were drowned some time before. A double funeral was held at St. Paul's Church in Portsmouth on Tuesday and was attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends, a number of members the State Legislature being present. Rev. J. Sturges Peares and Rev. Joseph Lambert conducted the services. The remains rested in two cloth covered caskets and were deposited side by side in one grave. There was a wealth of beautiful floral offerings.

Battleship Illinois has gone to Boston to be dry-docked at the Charlestown Navy Yard and the Alabama has gone to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for the same purpose. These are the two ships that were damaged in collision while the fleet was entering Newport Harbor.

City Council.

There was a long session of the city council on Tuesday evening, at which a number of matters of considerable general interest were passed upon. Several extra appropriations were made and a further payment was made to Mrs. Mary H. Horgan for her property taken by the city for school purposes.

The report of the finance committee was received and bills were ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Books, Stationery and Printing \$24 25
Fire Department 1,225 50
Police 408 51
City Asylum 248 10
Streets and Highways 3,150 87
Ward Meetings 12 00
Public Schools 5,000 48
Public Parks 1,081 33
Public Streets 2,754 56
Burial Grounds 3,754 56
Board of Health 475 35
Public Buildings 280 50
Supt. and Janitor 125 00
Licensing and Preserving Records 121 26
Incidentals 12 00
Toro Jew's Synagogue Fund 114 40
Wine and Cables 152 89
Dog Fund 126 35
J. Anthony Burial Ground Fund 15 10
Total \$20,831 88

A resolution was presented recommended by the finance committee, making an additional appropriation of \$4,545 for the board of health for current expenses. Alderman Bliss did not agree with the majority of the finance committee. He stated that 2,500 of the amount asked is for the city emergency hospital which has already cost the city in a year more than \$8000, while the Newport Hospital had agreed to care for all city patients at a cost not to exceed \$4000 a year. There was a considerable discussion of the hospital matter in both bodies but the appropriation was finally passed, the vote standing 3 to 2 in the board of aldermen and 6 to 5 in the common council.

Another resolution that provoked considerable discussion in the board of aldermen was the one authorizing the city treasurer to pay to Mrs. Mary H. Horgan the sum of \$500 in settlement of all claims against the city. Alderman Ritchie stated that the city solicitor and other lawyers had decided that Mrs. Horgan had no claim against the city and if she thinks she has a court of law should decide. The resolution was passed by both branches.

On recommendation of the finance committee an appropriation of \$277.20 was made for the erection of 21 headstones for deceased veterans; also Mrs. Case was given leave to withdraw her petition for remission of taxes on an estate on Washington street.

A resolution was passed providing for a street light on Willmore street.

On recommendation of the committee on streets and highways a resolution was passed making an appropriation of \$7,000 for improvements to the sewer outlet. A resolution was also passed making an additional appropriation of \$10,000 for the street department for current expenses. There was a lively discussion over this in both branches, it being explained that the overdraft will be \$20,000. The resolution was passed in concurrence.

Two petitions of the park commission, one to have the street sweepings turned over to them by the highway department and the other to give to the park commission control of the trees on the streets, were referred to the committee on streets and highways.

On recommendation of the tax assessors there were ordered remitted taxes against A. A. Barker, P. H. Morgan and J. T. Kaul, Jr., for property formerly located on Long wharf, which has now been made into the highway; also a resolution was passed making an appropriation of \$100 for extra work by Miss Ethel Cozzens in the tax office.

A number of minor petitions were received and referred to the proper committee, also a petition for the acceptance of Heath coast as a public highway and for curbing, grading and macadamizing the same, and for the extension to Callender avenue; referred to the committee on streets and highways. The board of aldermen granted a number of licenses for the sale of milk under the new State law in relation to milk.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Aug 11, 1906.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Aug. 9 to 13, warm wave 8 to 12, cool wave 11 to 15. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 13, cross west of Rockies country by close of 14, great central valleys 15 to 17, eastern states 18. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Aug. 13, great central valleys 15, eastern states 17. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about Aug. 16, great central valleys 18, eastern states 20.

This disturbance will follow one of the coolest periods of August and following it will come some of the hottest days and driest weather of the month. It will not be a severe disturbance on the Pacific slope but will begin to increase in force as it passes off the Atlantic coast and will become a severe storm out on the North Atlantic.

Fifth disturbance of August will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 18, cross west of Rockies country by close of 19, great central valleys 20 to 22, eastern states 23. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about Aug. 18, great central valleys 20, eastern states 22. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about 21, great central valleys 23, eastern states 25.

This disturbance will be moderate on Pacific coast, will increase in force as it crosses the Rockies and will be a fierce storm in the central valleys and the eastern states. Temperatures of this disturbance will average high, heavy rains in small sections and increasing drought in parts of the corn belt.

I am expecting frost first days of September where they sometimes occur at that season. My forecasts predicted more rain in eastern and southern than in the corn belt states for the crop season of 1906 and the prediction was good.

Recent Deaths.

Charles T. Hopkins.

Mr. Charles T. Hopkins, formerly of this city, died at the residence of his son in Fall River on Saturday after a long illness. He had been compelled by poor health to retire from all business interests some two years ago and since then had steadily failed.

Mr. Hopkins was one of the leading bankers of Newport. He had been connected with the Aquidneck National Bank for forty-five years, his entire business life having been passed in that institution. Entering the bank as a young man, he passed through the various positions, serving as teller under the late John W. Voss and the late Stephen H. Norman, and succeeding the latter as cashier in 1878. During his connection with the institution he helped largely to build it up to its present high standing in the community. He served for a considerable time as a member of the board of directors of the bank.

Mr. Hopkins had served as member of the board of trustees of the Channing Memorial Church, in which he always took a deep interest. He was three times elected a member of the board of aldermen of the city and served for a time as one of the overseers of the city asylum.

After his retirement from the bank in 1904 Mr. Hopkins removed to Fall River where he had since made his home with his son, Mr. Samuel T. Hopkins. He also leaves a widow.

The remains were brought to this city on Tuesday and funeral services were held at the residence of Mr. Thomas B. Congdon, being conducted by Rev. Mr. Day of Fall River and Rev. Mr. Jones of the Channing Memorial Church. The bearers were Messrs. Lewis L. Simmons, Samuel McAdam, Henry C. Stevens and Dr. C. A. Brackett. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Stephen T. Goddard.

Stephen T. Goddard ended his life by a dose of carbolic acid at his home on John street on Tuesday evening, his body being found in his room by persons who were staying in the house during Carnival Week. For some time Mr. Goddard's mental condition had been such that his friends were seriously alarmed about him, fearing that he might not only injure himself but others as well. His act was not entirely a surprise to those who knew him best. He shut himself into his room, placing a bureau against the door to prevent intrusion, and then took the dose that ended his life. Some time later the door was forced and his body was found.

Mr. Goddard had for many years been employed by the heirs of the late Lawton Coggeshall to carry on the ship chandlery business on Commercial wharf, and he also acted as dock master for the Wickford Line. He had been compelled to relinquish both positions a few months ago. He was widely known among seafaring men and had a host of friends. He leaves a widow and one son, also three brothers, William I. Goddard, Charles S. Goddard and Allen G. Goddard, and two sisters, Mary C. Goddard and Mrs. William B. Scott.

He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M. and of Coronet Council, No. 68, Royal Arcanum.

The contractors for the tunnel for the New Haven road under or through College Hill, Providence, are pushing things as rapidly as possible. They have already encountered a bed of Rhode Island coal and likewise a graphite mine. They expect to get far enough into the hill before winter so that cold weather will not affect them.

It is reported that Swift & Co. have got control of the entire meat packing business of New England. Hereafter people will either have to stop eating meat or pay the price. It is to be expected that the consumer will have to pay for all the expense the packers have been put to in reducing their places to a state of cleanliness.

Henry M. Whitney will be the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts this fall. Attorney Moran has accepted the Prohibition nomination and is also bidding for Democratic votes. Gov. Guild will be nominated to succeed himself and he probably is not losing much sleep over the issue.

A Wall Street man who knew Russell Sage for more than forty years says he never made superfluous remarks and never talked about the weather. This economy should be more generally practised.

Mrs. Phoebe C. Underwood, of Wakefield, R. I., and her grand-daughter, Miss Flora Underwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Underwood, of Providence, have been spending Carnival Week in Newport, guests of Mrs. Underwood's sister, Mrs. Harriet E. Carr.

Dr. Frank Hammett Holt of the executive department of the Boston City Hospital spent Thursday in Newport. Dr. Holt is a former Newporter, being the son of the late John M. Holt.

Mr. George Pitman of New York was in the city the past week, guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pitman, on Channing court.

Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr., have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Allen of Providence the past week.

Mr. J. H. Stoddard of New York City is spending a few days in Newport where he formerly lived.

The Damage to the Illinois.

Washington, Aug. 10.—The navy department reports that it will take 25 days to repair the Illinois, which was damaged in a recent collision with the Alabama. The Alabama, which was less seriously injured, accompanied Admiral Evans to Rockport, Me., from Newport, but it is expected that she will be sent to the Boston yard soon for such repairs as are necessary.

Roosevelt Home Club a Failure.

New York, Aug. 10.—The Roosevelt Home club, which was organized to acquire possession of the Roosevelt homestead where the president was born and to maintain it as a landmark in the city of New York, has decided that it is not in a position to fulfill its mission. The project was discouraged by the president and from that time the proposition became a failure.

Amalgamation of Gingham Mills
Clinton, Mass., Aug. 8.—The Parkhill Manufacturing company of Fitchburg will shortly assume control of the Lancaster mills here. Both corporations are engaged in the manufacture of gingham. It is said that amalgamation will centralize the control of the gingham market in New England.

Hearse Demolished by Automobile
Boston, Aug. 7.—An automobile driven by George C. Huntress of Winchester collided with and demolished a hearse owned by P. J. McAdams of Charlestown in the Dorchester district. Richard S. Goodkin, driver of the hearse, was severely injured and was carried to a hospital.

Five Children Burned to Death
Omaha, Aug. 9.—Five children of Thomas O'Daniels of Seymour Park, a suburb, perished last evening in a fire which destroyed the family residence. Mrs. O'Daniels was seriously burned and may not recover, and her husband was severely burned in an effort to save the family.

SILVER BIDS IN ORDER.

Government in Need of the Metal for Coinage Purposes
Washington, Aug. 10.—For the first time in 13 years the government announces its purpose to purchase silver for coinage purposes. Tenders are invited at the office of the director of the mint in this city on Aug. 15 and every Wednesday thereafter, until further notice.

It is understood that, anticipating that its reappearance as a purchaser might temporarily disturb the market unduly, the treasury has obtained considerable amounts for future delivery, so that it is in a position to drop out of the market for several months if desirable. The average requirements for treasury throughout the year will probably not exceed 100,000 ounces a week.

The last purchase under the act of 1890, made on Oct. 30, 1893, was at 72 cents an ounce. From that date until the present the government has been out of the market, except as the agent of the Philippine government in the purchase of a little over 13,500 ounces, costing \$7,376,695.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.
AUGUST STANDARD TIME.
1906.
Sun. Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. Sun. Moon. High Water.
11 Sat. 5 57 7 11 10 12 10 12 45
12 Sun. 6 57 4 11 22 1 04 1 12
13 Mon. 5 7 7 21 10 1 2 27
14 Tues. 5 8 7 1 0 10 3 05 8 22
15 Wed. 5 8 7 0 1 0 4 1 4 21
16 Thurs. 5 10 8 22 2 40 1 4 05 07
17 Fri. 5 11 8 31 3 37 5 31 5 52
Full Moon, 4th day, 8h. 50m., morning.
Last Quarter, 11th day, 10h. 47m., evening.
New Moon, 18th day, 8h. 27m., evening.
First Quarter, 25th day, 7h. 22m., evening.

Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I.

At Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, opposite Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Greene Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from \$20 up to \$200. Excellent, with ample accommodation, obtainable from \$40 to \$70. Jamestown office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 8:30 A.M. to 5:00 P.M., from April 1st to October 31st every year.

Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, Junior, or Mr. Hugh L. Taylor, at the Jamestown office every day.

Newport office, 102 Bellevue Avenue.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Deaths.

In this city, 7th inst., Stephen T. Goddard, aged 46 years.
In this city, 7th inst., at his residence, 22 Milburn court, Michael J., son of the late Timothy and Margaret Sullivan, aged 40 years.
In this city, 8th inst., George R. Crawford, in his 51th year.
In Portsmouth, 22d ult., suddenly, Joseph G. Anthony, aged 25 years, and his wife Emma L. Anthony, aged 22 years.
At Jamestown, 31st inst., John J. Lee, in the 60th year of his age.
* In Little Compton, 31st inst., Oliver H. Wilbur in his 71st year.
In Fall River, Mass., 4th inst., Charles T. Hopkins of this city, aged 68 years.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Bick Roadsack, get rid of all the troubles that come from a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, Constipation, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

CURE SICK HEAD
Roadsack, get rid of all the troubles that come from a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, Constipation, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

ACHE
Roadsack, get rid of all the troubles that come from a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Headache, Constipation, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

HEAD
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CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Newport's Carnival Week.

(Continued from page one.)

peace, three ladies riding inside to impersonate the different countries. A few members of the Order followed in carriages. Weepeat Shannett Tribe of Red Men put in an unusual float, depicting a conference between Audians and Puritans in the midst of a forest. Members of the Tribe followed in Indian costumes on horseback.

Next came the float of the Foresters of America, depicting a forest scene, preceded by several of the general officers of the order in carriages. Canonchet Lodge of Odd Fellows had an emblematic float with little girls seated inside. Next came the float of the Newport Aerie of Eagles, which was a very striking affair in which the American colors and the society's emblems predominated.

The last organization was the Newport Carnival Club rigged up as mounted cowboys and having a stage coach, this feature being about the same as last year.

The parade was well received by the waiting crowds and much enthusiasm was manifested as the various floats passed.

The Carnival parade Thursday night practically marked the close of the week's festivities. There had originally been planned a motor boat race for Friday but this was called off at the last moment and it is possible that there will be a race between motor boats on Saturday. The crowds have thinned out and Newport's Carnival for 1906 is practically over.

The souvenir card business is in a flourishing condition. If it keeps on the postoffice receipts will be enough to pay the National debt. On Thursday, the great day of the Carnival Week in this city, the postoffice sold sixteen thousand one cent stamps.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists are authorized to refund money if Dr. W. C. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 2c.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES
Itching, Itching, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 10 days. 50c.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST
—AND—
Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.
Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If your eyes are blurring, smarting, eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairs of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

127 830 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

Just Out!

Six New Panoramic Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION, WASHINGTON SQUARE, BEACON ROCK, THE BEACH, HARBOR FRONT, THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY
Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. D. Dudley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Stuy, H. H. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co., and by the publishers.

MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY

Newport Casino.

Music for the Season of 1906.

On and after Monday, July 9, MORNING CONCERT Every Week Day From 11 to 1 o'clock.

Concerts Every Wednesday Afternoon from 3 to 5.

Sunday Evening Concerts, beginning at 8 o'clock.

Music and Dancing, Casino Theatre, Thursday Evenings, From 9.30 to 12.30.

A Full Line of all the NEW AND

Improved Varieties

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

TO GO ON PATROL

Cutter Will Guard Seal Herd Off
Pribiloff Islands

PELAGIC ROBBERS' WORK

Number of Animals Reduced
From 2,000,000 in 1885 to
200,000 in 1905—Fifty Per-
cent of Seals Killed at Sea Sink

Washington, Aug. 10.—The department of justice has received a telegram from District Attorney Harlan at Fairbanks, Alaska, regarding the killing and capture of Japanese poachers at St. Paul island. Harlan asked for information which will be sent him in the course of time, but not until additional information has been received.

President Roosevelt has ordered that the revenue cutter McCulloch, which has been doing patrol duty in the vicinity of the Pribiloff islands in Alaskan waters, be directed to resume that duty.

A report of the killing of five Japanese fishermen and the capture of 12 Japanese prisoners on Atsu island, the westernmost of the Aleutian group, the prisoners having been taken by the revenue cutter McCulloch, commanded by Captain Connelley, was made to the department of commerce and labor by Edwin W. Stone, solicitor for the department, who is in Alaska to enforce the new law prohibiting all persons to fish in Alaskan waters. The Japanese were shot by Americans on Atsu island before the McCulloch arrived.

With the practical exhaustion of the Russian seal herds by the Japanese poachers last year, it was expected by American officials that the Japanese would be engaged in that industry would turn to the protected herds in American waters, and it was freely predicted by Special Agent Lembeck in Washington last winter that trouble would ensue. Many officials favored the proposition to kill all the seals, as a humane measure, rather than let them suffer extermination by pelagic robbers. The gravity of the condition of the American herd was set before congress by Secretary Metcalf in his last report as follows:

"The decrease in seal life on the Pribiloff islands is directly attributable to pelagic sealing, and a strong effort should be made to secure international regulations that will stop it. The special fatality involved in this practice consists in the killing of mother seals at sea. Those killed in Bering sea, in addition to being pregnant, have also a nursing pup on shore, which on the death of its mother dies from starvation. In addition to this, 50 percent of all seals killed at sea sink and are not recoverable. For these reasons the skin of every mother seal secured by the pelagic sealers represents the destruction of at least four lives from the herd.

"Due largely to this wanton destruction of seal life the herd on the Pribiloff islands has been reduced from approximately 2,000,000 animals in 1885 to about 200,000 in 1905. The government's financial interest in this matter lies in the fact that each seal skin taken on these islands produced a revenue of \$10.22. The ravages of the pelagic sealers have reduced the number of skins taken from 100,000 in 1885 to 14,368 during the present season."

While the reports for the present year are incomplete and will doubtless be augmented by later returns, they are sufficient to give an approximate idea of the extent of the operations of the pelagic sealers. These incomplete returns show that during the season of 1905 the British Columbian sealing fleet took 2779 seals from the Pribiloff herd, on the northwest coast, and 8634 in Bering sea. The coast catch from the same herd by British Columbian Indians amounted to 792.

Japan Has a Meat Scandal
Victoria, B. C., Aug. 9.—Steamer Tosa brought news of a Japanese canned meat scandal. As a result of an official investigation into the canned meat industry at Hiroshima, consequent on the agitation in the United States, it was found that cans labelled "boiled beef" contained horseflesh, which had been prepared so ingeniously that it could be identified only by careful analysis.

To Wind Up Bank's Affairs
Boston, Aug. 8.—A merciless ex-ecution of the managing officials of the Central National bank, which failed in 1902, was delivered by Receiver Allen when he read his report at a meeting of the stockholders of the insolvent institution. Upon recommendation of the receiver, it was voted to wind up the affairs of the bank.

Bandits Raid Town in Philippines
Manila, Aug. 7.—A band of Pulahanes made an attack on Abujong, island of Leyte, at 2 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 5, killing the ex-president, three policemen and two other persons and burned the town hall. All the records were destroyed. A force of regulars and constabulary are in pursuit of the raiders.

Lost Life in Saving Another
Lynn, Mass., Aug. 7.—Nelson Kent, 15 years old, became entangled in eel-grass and was drowned while rescuing a companion, Edward Boyer, aged 13. Boyer, who could not swim, stumbled in the eelgrass and fell into a deep hole. Kent assisted him to a safe footing, but was pulled back by the clinging grass and was drowned.

Ice-men Have Been Cheating
Boston, Aug. 10.—An examination of scales used by ice companies in this city shows that 68 of these were false and inaccurate. The authorities ordered 58 of them to be corrected and the others discarded. The instructions to the department of weights and measures is that fair weight must be given and the public is urged to aid in the general probe.

IS REFUSED BAIL

Cashier Hering of Wrecked Bank
Is Arrested

DID NOT TRY TO ESCAPE

Declares That He Is Innocent
of Complicity in Wrongdoing
of President of Milwaukee Ave-
nue Institution of Chicago

Chicago, Aug. 10.—Henry W. Hering, cashier of the Milwaukee Avenue state bank, which closed its doors three days ago, was arrested in Chicago. He will be refused bail until his connection with the disappearance of nearly \$1,000,000 of the bank's funds is cleared up. Paul O. Stensland, president of the defunct institution, is still a fugitive, though nearly 100 detectives are searching for him.

Hering was arrested two hours later than the time he had announced for giving himself up. He was taken to the offices of Chief of Police Collins and put through an examination as to his knowledge of President Stensland's alleged mismanagement of the institution. Hering declared he did not know where Stensland was and that he had had no communication with Stensland for more than a week.

For two hours previous to Hering's arrest a reporter and the cashier sat on a bench in one of the city's parks. In these two hours Hering told the story of his connection with the bank from the time of his employment, 17 years ago, until he closed his safe last Saturday.

The cashier does not think he can be correctly described as a fugitive from justice. It has been stated that he ran away from town last Saturday and various rumors as to his whereabouts have been put forward by the police.

As a matter of fact, when Hering left the city on Saturday he simply went to the city for a day's rest. He reached Chicago on Monday morning, got on a car and rode straight to the bank. When the car stopped on the corner he jumped off, carrying his grip. Just as he reached the edge of the sidewalk he saw a man passing the notice of the closing of the bank on its doors. Instead of ascending the steps, he back-tracked and headed down town.

The passing of the notice on the window proved the culmination of suspicions aroused in his mind six or eight weeks ago that things in the bank were not right.

This suspicion was intensified by the unexplained prolongation of the 10 days' absence that President Stensland said he was going to take when he left three weeks ago last Sunday. And suspicion became a certainty when he saw the mob of frenzied depositors around the bank's door. Hering thought he would like a few hours to think affairs over before he jumped into the financial wreck and he went to the home of a friend.

Mr. Hering is insistent in his statement that he had absolutely nothing whatever to do with any peculation of the bank's funds. He swears he has not profited one penny by the irregularities brought to light. He asserts that although cashier of the bank he was merely a clerk for Stensland; that all he did was to carry out Stensland's orders.

He declares that Stensland's instructions were such that there was no way on their face of determining that any crooked business was going on; it was only the culmination of a number of suspicious incidents and the piling of note upon note to carry on Stensland's real estate operations that finally made him morally certain that thievery was rampant in the institution.

Bank Accounts \$1,000,000 Short

Chicago, Aug. 7.—With a deficit in its accounts of close to \$1,000,000 and with the whereabouts of two of its chief officers unknown to the authorities, the Milwaukee Avenue State bank, one of the larger outlying banks of Chicago, was closed by State Bank Examiner Jones. The bank had deposits amounting to about \$4,000,000 and loans and credits to about the same amount.

Chicago, Aug. 8.—Theodore Stensland, vice president of the Milwaukee Avenue state bank, was arrested late yesterday on a charge of violating the banking laws of the state. Earlier in the day the institution was placed in the hands of a receiver and Paul O. Stensland, president of the bank, and father of the vice president, together with Cashier Hering, were officially declared fugitives from justice and their personal descriptions placed in the hands of the police throughout the country.

Alleged \$125,000 Thief Captured

Toronto, Aug. 8.—Clinton Wray, secretary of the Union Trust company of Pittsburgh, was arrested here, accused of having stolen over \$125,000 of the company's funds. Wray consented to return and stand trial without extradition proceedings.

Lineman Killed by a Fall

Webster, Mass., Aug. 8.—Joseph Sweeney, 25 years old, a lineman, fell 30 feet from a pole at 10:20 o'clock last night, dying at 11:30 from a fractured skull. He had been married eight months. He was unconscious from the time he fell.

Flood Loss May Reach a Million

Fort Worth, Tex., Aug. 9.—Reports from the flood indicate that the damage will be great, conservative estimates placing the loss at \$1,000,000, suffered mostly by the railroads.

Everybody Works but Philippines

Hartford, Aug. 8.—James W. Beardsley, director of public works of the Philippine islands, who is on a visit here, declares that the greatest hindrance to progress in the Philippines is the native aversion to labor of any sort, and he is of the opinion that until this is overcome to a considerable degree the civil government will be more or less handicapped.

MOVE BY MORAN

Not Prose For Every Inmate of
a Women's Home

THEY ARE ALL SET FREE

District Attorney Claims That
Intemperate Women on Pro-
bation Were Compelled to
Work Without Compensation

Boston, Aug. 9.—District Attorney Moran sent an officer to the Massachusetts home for intemperate women with orders to release every inmate. There were 30 women in the institution and the officer carried with him a not prose for every inmate.

Rev. James Reed of Boston is president of the home, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is the first vice president. The home was chartered in 1887 and its object, according to the by-laws, is "to maintain a home for the care and reformation of intemperate women, furnishing them with medical treatment and providing them with a temporary refuge until they can obtain employment and be restored to society as useful members." The home is situated in the Longwood district.

None of the inmates seemed to be in a hurry to leave the home after being released by Moran. Some of them voluntarily remained. Many of them were friends and had no homes.

In a lengthy statement issued last night, the district attorney said that women who had been sentenced to the house of correction by the lower court were granted probation conditional upon their entering the home, and that when they once had entered the home they were confined there until their regular confinement in prison would have expired. The district attorney says that such confinement is illegal, inasmuch as no individual or corporation has the right to imprison any one whether or not convicted of crime. Continuing, Moran's statement says:

"I find that the real object of the home is not as set forth by the by-laws, but is a place of imprisonment, where the prisoners are compelled to work without compensation. I am informed that there are other homes to which prisoners are sent, and I will, within a short time, investigate each one of them and take such action as under the circumstances seems proper."

Mr. Moran says that during the year ending last March the home received \$13,816 from the labor of the inmates and that none of the inmates received any compensation, the proceeds of their labor being taken care of by the officers of the institution.

Jockey Attacked by Horse

Brighton, Eng., Aug. 10.—Marigold IV, ridden by Jockey Brady, reared up and knocked Jockey Madden, who was riding Centre, out of the saddle, and then went on his knees, got hold of Madden's throat and shook him like a rat, despite the efforts of Brady, who belabored the horse over the head. Eventually the enraged animal was beaten off. Madden's throat was badly lacerated and he was bleeding freely when released.

Over 300 Lives Lost

Cortagena, Spain, Aug. 6.—A terrible marine disaster occurred Saturday evening off Cape Palos, when the Italian steamship Sirio, from Genoa for Barcelona, Cadiz, Montevideo and Buenos Ayres, with about 300 persons on board, was wrecked off Hormigas island and over 300 emigrants, most of them Italians and Spaniards, were drowned. The captain of the steamer committed suicide.

Soldier Killed in Maneuvers

Austin, Tex., Aug. 9.—Another enlisted man in the regular army was shot and killed in the maneuver movements at Camp Mabry. Jesse Cantiss was the victim. Immediately following his death the maneuvers were called off. All the men were supposed to have had blank cartridges in their guns.

Citizens Want Police Investigation

Central Falls, R. I., Aug. 7.—The board of aldermen adopted a resolution last night for an investigation of the police department, about which there has been much discussion among the citizens for some weeks. The action was taken on petition of citizens.

A Chance For Recovery

Kington, Mass., Aug. 6.—Physicians have removed the bullet which wounded Evalina Vezanti, who was shot Thursday night by her lover, Remido Zeechi, who afterward committed suicide. The young woman is now thought to have a chance of recovery.

Instantly Killed by Train

Boston, Aug. 9.—Miss Daisy Langlois, 21 years old, a telephone operator in the Plymouth exchange, was struck and instantly killed by a train in Roslindale last night. She was on a vacation visit to her parents in the Roslindale district.

Would Not Educate Negroes

New Orleans, Aug. 6.—An appeal by Governor Vardaman to white voters to select state legislators who will vote to stop granting appropriations for the education of negro children was made in an address at a farmers' meeting.

Insurance Rates Increased

Boston, Aug. 8.—Fire insurance rates on storage warehouses and piers will be advanced 15 percent, under a vote of the Boston Board of Fire Underwriters. The increase is especially effective along the waterfront.

To Demand Advance in Wages

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 9.—The employees of the New England Cotton Yarn company's mill here have decided to present a demand for a 5 percent advance in wages. They say that the company has increased the pay in its New Bedford and Taunton mills, and maintain that a change should be made at the Globe yarn plant in this city.

BREAK IN THEIR RANKS

New Bedford Strikers Reject
Railway President's Offer

New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 8.—The efforts of the special committee of the Central Labor union to bring about a settlement of the trolley men's strike failed when the Carmen's union voted to decline the proposition made by President Crupo of the trolley company to take back all the men for whom he has places, probably about 50, "such men not to lose their rating as to years of service so to affect their wages, but otherwise to come back as new men and to rank below those men now in the employ of the street railway company."

This is regarded as probably a final effort to bring the company and the strikers to agreement. After the meeting of the Carmen's union 14 strikers were re-employed by the company, according to company officials, and 15 of them turned in their badges and other property of the company, indicating that they consider the strike as ended as far as they are concerned personally.

The company continues to run cars on the regular schedule on all its lines without any indication of disturbance. A mass meeting in support of the strike was held in city hall last night.

Political Strike Is Off

St. Petersburg, Aug. 8.—The revolutionary move, under the guise of a general strike, has come to naught and the Workmen's council has decided to call it off. This applies only to St. Petersburg, but the capital's example is likely to be followed by the other sections of the country. Nowhere did the efforts of the radical leaders to precipitate trouble meet with a response sufficient to warrant further effort to force the fight against the government at this time. For the moment the government control of the situation is virtually absolute.

Three Negroes Lynched

Charlotte, N. C., Aug. 7.—A mob of 3000 determined men, shortly before 11 o'clock last night, forcibly entered Rowan county jail at Salisbury, removed therefrom three of the six negroes charged with the murder of the Tyler family at Barber Junction, and lynched them. Nease and John Gillespie and Jack Dillingham, supposed to be the principals in that crime, were the victims of mob vengeance. The remaining three negroes were not molested, and at midnight officers took them to Greensboro.

Volcanic Island Makes Its Appearance

Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 10.—Captain Trybridge of the steamship Northwesten has a photograph, taken by an officer of the revenue cutter Perry, of a newly formed island lying 60 miles west of Dutch Harbor, directly between the Bogoslov islands commonly known as Castle and Fire islands. The new island made its first appearance during June and is now 900 feet high. The length could not be ascertained. Clouds of steam rise from its summit, and it is surrounded by boiling water.

Indictment Against Standard Oil

Chicago, Aug. 9.—An indictment charging the Standard Oil company with receiving rebates in the form of non-payment of storage charges to certain railroad companies was returned by the federal grand jury before Judge Bethen. The Standard Oil company is the only defendant, no officials of the company and no railroad companies or officials being named. The bond of the defendant was fixed at \$25,000.

Poisoned by Canned Salmon

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 9.—Several members of the Grand Trunk Pacific railroad survey camp at Sandgreen were taken violently sick after eating canned salmon. Major Smith is dead and several others are critically ill. Smith served with distinction in the

HANDS CRACKED AND BLEEDING

And Fingers Were All Drawn Up With
Eczema—A Cure of Nearly Twenty
Years Ago by the Cuticura
Treatment—Have Had no Further
Trouble with Hands Since.

PERMANENT CURE BY
CUTICURA REMEDIES

"My mother was badly afflicted by a species of eczema of salt rheum in her hands. They were very bad. She was treated by her family physician for over three months and no benefit. Then she thought she would try the Cuticura Remedies, and very soon found relief. Her hands and fingers were all drawn up and cracked and bleeding. They very soon commenced to heal up and in less than three months were about well. She used the Soap, I don't know how many boxes of the Ointment and four bottles of the Resolvent. For two years she was entirely free from the disease, when it came on again; but as she used the Remedies immediately, was soon cured, and has had no more trouble with her hands for nearly twenty years."

"For years she has always had the Ointment in the house and used it occasionally in the winter time. She has recommended it to many people and always speaks well of it and would use it again if needed, and she thinks no Soap is equal to the Cuticura Soap. She is willing you should publish the above if you care to. Very truly yours, Wm. A. Young, 50 Russell St., New Bedford, Mass., July 31, 1905."

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With itching, burning, scaling, crusty humors, instantly relieved and speedily cured by warm baths with Cuticura Soap and gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent Pills, when all else fails. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, Resolvent Pills, and Ointment, are made of the finest materials. No other medicine is so effective. Price, 25 cents per box. Cuticura Soap, Resolvent Pills, and Ointment, are made of the finest materials. No other medicine is so effective. Price, 25 cents per box.

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NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Boundary Dispute Grows Acute

St. John, Aug. 9.—The Quebec government, which maintained a party of surveyors at Hamilton Inlet last winter surveying lumber areas, has seized 40,000 logs belonging to a lumber company operating there under leases from the Newfoundland government. The Quebec government claims the territory and Newfoundland contends the contrary. This brings about an acute phase of the boundary dispute between Canada and Newfoundland.

Capture of Mountain Desperado

Middlesboro, Ky., Aug. 10.—Frank Ball, the mountain desperado, who recently escaped from jail at Richmond, where he was held for murder, was captured by Sheriff Johnson and a posse after a battle of an hour. Ball was located in a cabin near Rose Hill, Va. He refused to surrender and fire was opened on the cabin by the sheriff's forces. After one of Ball's men had been killed, Ball surrendered.

Farmers Out of Pocket

Providence, Aug. 6.—Reports received here indicate that the farmers and market gardeners of Rhode Island and southern Massachusetts have lost thousands of dollars by the continued wet weather. Seed merchants and those who deal in farming implements will also feel the results of the unfavorable weather.

